

THE
NEW-YORK
WEEKLY MUSEUM,

OR

POLITE REPOSITORY

OF

AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

VOL. V.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1817.

NO. 15.

THE MAID OF SWITZERLAND

A TALE.

(Concluded)

On their arrival at Paris she was immediately introduced to the Marquis. He received her with politeness and respect; but the natural coolness and hauteur of his temper prevented his expressing either tenderness or affection at the sight of so near a relation. Already depressed in her mind, this chilling interview almost annihilated her. By no means happy at the thoughts of living with a man of the Marquis's disposition, she was rejoiced at his proposing to her, some time after her arrival, boarding in a convent, as the most eligible situation for a young female without protectors. As nothing could be more agreeable to her inclinations than such a proposal, she gladly acceded to it, and in a short time was placed in one of the most respectable convents in Paris. Valmont was by no means pleased with this arrangement, apprehensive from the melancholy Julia still retained, she might be induced to think of taking the veil; dreading a resolution that would forever deprive him of all hope of being united to her, the distant idea of which he still fondly cherished. His fears were not groundless.

—Julia, pleased with the respect and attention the lady abbess and the nuns paid her, and charmed with their bland and placid manners, listened with eager pleasure to the flattering and delusive picture they drew of the peace and happiness of a monastic life, exempt from the cares and anxieties of the world. Retirement and repose were the only blessings she now coveted, and the only prospect that now pleased her melancholy imagination. Though not unexpected, yet Valmont was driven to despair on being assured of her design; to dissuade her from her resolution he found impossible; though he employed all the rhetoric of a lover, joined to the influence of a brother. Not insensible to his ardent conjurations, nor unmoved by his tender intreaties, yet he could not prevail on her to alter her purpose. Possessed with a desire of ending her days in the convent, she closed her ears and guarded her heart from the power of Valmont's persuasions, with a caution & reserve that deeply wounded him.

Hopeless of changing her determination he left her, almost distracted. Several times he was on the point of soliciting his father to use his influence to dissuade her from her resolve, but he knew that father too well not to be fearful he would be disposed to encourage rather than disapprove an inclina-

tion that would ease him of all farther solicitude. The agitation of his mind occasioned by the fear of not being able to prevent a step he could not bear to think of, threw him into a fever that endangered his life. Julia had already entered her noviciate; but as the time approached when she must make her profession, she found her resolution relax. Valmont's grief was ever before her eyes; his tender affection, his constant and honorable passion, and the despair that overwhelmed him, were images that continually presented themselves. How then were they strengthened when informed he was ill, and that his life was despaired of? A thousand times did she repent of her rashness; and had not pride withheld her, would instantly have declined taking the veil to have restored Valmont to health.

The Marquis was soon made acquainted with the situation of his son's heart, as he frequently in his delirium called on the name of Julia, and uttered such exclamations as fully informed those around him how passionately he adored her. Anxious for the life of an only son, and fearing, as Valmont ardently wished to see her, any opposition might increase his disorder, the Marquis sent a messenger to Julia to request her presence immediately. She instantly obeyed the summons, and flew to the chamber of her lover. Though the fever had not yet left him, and he was still delirious, he knew her on her entrance, and this proof of her regard appeared to have more efficacy in calming his distempered mind than all the skill of the physicians.

From the constant care and attention of Julia, and the rectitude with which she administered his medicines, for he would receive them from no hand but hers, he soon discovered favorable symptoms. His fever in a short time abated, and left only the weakness usual in such cases. Julia now thought of returning to the convent, but was prevailed on to defer her design, as the Marquis joined his entreaties to those of his son, to induce her to stay; nor would the latter

suffer her to depart till he had gained her promise to lay aside all thoughts of taking the vows. On her return, the lady abbess was extremely disappointed when Julia declared her change of sentiment, and that she wished not to abandon the world entirely, but would continue to board as usual. Having flattered her avarice and ambition with the hopes of gaining such an addition to her society as the niece of an nobleman of so high rank and fortune as the Marquis, the lady abbess was highly mortified to find her artifices rendered abortive. Julia had been some time in the convent without having seen or heard any thing from either the Marquis or Valmont. Anxious to know what could occasion this unusual neglect, and fearing she knew not what, she waited with impatience for some intelligence; when one morning Valmont appeared at the grate, habited in deep mourning; she hastily enquired if the Marquis was well? Guessing at the cause of her alarm by the question, he informed her it was not his father for whom he wore sable, but Madame de Valmont, whose sudden death was occasioned by the fright and ill treatment she received from robbers who attacked her carriage as she was returning late, or rather early, from an assembly where she had spent the night. "And now Julia," continued Valmont, "Since fate has removed every obstacle, you will not surely refuse to become mine, nor by delay longer deprive me of the happiness I have so long languished for."

Julia, confused and astonished at the surprising intelligence, for some time could make no answer, but recovering herself, with some confusion she replied: "Though Providence has so unforeseenly removed one obstacle, she did not see they were the nearer being united, for there still remained another: Your father I am persuaded will never give his consent to our marriage, and without that we can never be united. Valmont, you cannot doubt my affection; but"—"Affection!" reiterated he, "No, Julia, you never loved me, or

you co
scruple
ven no
father,
pines
not ex
price"
you do
you ar
so unro
the cru
less as
don.
of wha
father,
to you
and th
sent is
treated
sity of
proprie
on lea
The M
er exp
author
plied,
differ
proprie
not op
hand
ration
in the
rosy
and pl

YOU

St
Hon
ed n
for th
was a
dark
overs
to th
indisc
all m
How
shore
hund

you could not thus with cold and idle scruples oppose an union to which heaven nows seems favourable. As to my father, having once sacrificed my happiness to his authority, he surely cannot expect another offering to his caprice." "Valmont," returned Julia, you do me wrong: my cold scruples, as you are pleased to term them, are not so unreasonable as you imagine; but the cruel doubts you entertain, groundless as unjust, I know not how to pardon. I own and assent to the truth of what you say on the tyranny of your father, yet I still think he has a claim to your respect if not your obedience, and the compliment of asking his consent is surely his due." Valmont intreated Julia's pardon for the impetuosity of his temper, and assented to the propriety of informing his father, which on leaving her he immediately did.—The Marquis knowing he could no longer expect that blind submission to his authority he had formerly exacted, replied, with his usual *sang froid* and indifference, "He might do as he tho't proper." Happy that his wishes were not opposed, he hastened to claim the hand of his Julia, to whom on the expiration of his mourning, he was united in the festive bands of Hymen, whose rosy fetters they still wear with ease and pleasure.

THE YOUNG BOSTONIAN'S LETTERS.

(Concluded from our last.)

Steam-boat Paragon, Sept. 22, 1816.

Honored and dear parents—I exchanged my bed this morning, very early, for the boat; and in so much haste, it was a little hazardous; for it was very dark; and beside the danger of being overset in our carriage from the tavern to the boat, thirty of us were crowded indiscriminately, "blue, white and gray, all mingled," on board two small boats. However, after a safe passage from the shore to the Paragon, where we found a hundred and fifty passengers, we ling-

ered the remainder of the night, anxiously expecting day light; it advanced beautifully, "sowing the earth with orient pearl"—But no sooner was the sun risen, than he was enveloped in mist; and a fog so thick arose, we cast anchor outside the prow and waited till nine before we could proceed.—The mist vanished very suddenly; the sun's rays sweeping, as with a wand, sheets of it from the mountain's side and water's bosom; while a few clouds, more dense than others, hung on the woods, attracted by the dewy leaves.

I will here give you my opinion concerning the comparative advantages of the Steam-boat and Stage. The stage has more regularity, a passage through the principal towns, more exercise for the body and more variety of prospect. It is also tedious by jarring and tossing over ruts and stones; fatiguing by having a dozen crowded within ten feet by four, and often dangerous from the weakness of the carriages—the wildness of the horses—the sleepiness of the drivers.

Steam-boats have, in six days out of seven, and perhaps thirteen out of fourteen, great despatch, averaging eight miles an hour. They toss so softly over the waves, that every thing on board is as tranquil as a table in a parlour. Their accommodations are likewise so ample, that an addition of fifty to an hundred and fifty passengers is scarcely perceptible. They are strongly built; and their captains are men of skill and intelligence. It is objected, their boilers often burst. It is answered, this has seldom happened: and I believe never but from carelessness; unless once by lightning. Besides, the bursting of a boiler effects not the passengers in the cabin and on deck, but the workmen in the hold. Lastly, which happens most frequently, the oversetting of a stage, or the bursting of a boiler?

The country is more level and cultivated, between Poughkeepsie & Hudson, than between that place and Fort Washington. The echoing of the pilot's horn between the river's banks is

delightful. The horns are three feet long and proportionably large.—Their tone is good; much preferable to that of most trumpets. The sound is echoed by one bank and repeated by the other; becoming more and more rich and mellow from the first tone of the trumpeter, to the last sound become faint by reverberation.

Hudson is a beautiful town of four thousand inhabitants, with several public buildings. The people are coming from worship, and some are passing to the opposite shore, while most stand on the wharves, admiring the progress of the Paragon.

Opposite to the city of Hudson is the modest and beautiful village of Athens, with its neat doric church, near which lie the remains of Dexter. You may well suppose the name Athens was powerfully associated with "the eye of Greece." I fancied I saw in its church the temple of Minerva. But these pleasing ideas were shrouded in the gloom which seemed to hover over the town, where one of our greatest lawyers, almost our best orator, and perhaps our first pleader is entombed. The village to me appeared unfortunate, which stretched its hospitable arms to welcome him; the very air consecrated which afforded his last sigh; and the ground hallowed, with which his body is fast mingling. Let party be buried in the grave, which contains the ashes of Dexter, while we lament talents prematurely fallen, and virtue cut off, when ripening to maturity. His last political course may have been the mistake of judgment, possibly of ambition; but though he died in passing the Rubicon, it is for none but his Maker to arraign his motives.

There are no towns of note between Hudson and Albany; but I was surprised to find how small a number of buildings assumed the name of a great city. Thus Baltimore, whose name is associated with great population, here indicated a settlement of two houses, three barns, one horse shed, one pigstye, with a little wharf and boat. Near this town

is a rock, where a pirate, it is said, hid his gold.

Albany is visible a few miles before you approach it, situated like Boston, on a hill. Near it are a few seats on each side the river, which still retains its width. But the land though pleasant, is not very cultivated. It is near sunset; we have sailed seventy miles since 9 o'clock—about eight miles an hour.

Albany.—I walked out after tea—the first building which attracted my notice was the bank. It is of handsome stone, but has no windows, being illuminated by a sky-light. The street where the public buildings are situated, is broad, and shows well. As I found the people were flocking to church, I inquired respecting their modes of worship; and if righteousness is in the ratio of the number of denominations, surely the Albanese, must be the most religious people in the country. In this small city are Presbyterians, Methodists, Roman Catholics, Lutherans, High Dutch, Low Dutch, Scotch, Seceders, Baptists, and I know not how many more.

September 23, 1816.—We took a carriage this morning for Waterford, and rode on the river's bank, which here narrows to the width of the Connecticut. Two miles above Albany is one of the arsenals of the United States. The buildings are of wood forming a hollow square. The centre, in front, is of two stories; the wings of one each all painted. In these three houses, which are distinct, though connected, arms are deposited. The sides of the square are formed by work-shops for founders, blacksmiths, gunsmiths and carpenters. The rear building is a large and commodious mansion house for the garrison. We found in the yard some elegant cannon taken at Plattsburg; some French pieces—surnamed "*L'Obstinee*," &c. Upon one was engraved, "*Ullima ratio regum*," upon another, "*Pluribus nec impar*." While minut-ing with a pencil, "*Le Tempeur*," &c. the sentinel, fearful I was taking dimensions, as he said, begged me to desist as it might expose him to punishment; which I did with regret. There were

other fine pieces, some captured in 1761; others lately at the northward, and others on the ocean.

We crossed the river in a ferry boat; and I wonder a bridge is not thrown across the Hudson, at a place, which is one fourth of a mile wide, and only eighteen feet deep.

We now passed through Troy, which is very thickly settled and has a show of business. Beyond this town several small islands, of a dozen acres perhaps, chequer the river; one of which was skirted, as to its banks, with the beautiful shrubbery of nature, while its interior was under high cultivation by art. —The other isles presented beautiful copses of wood. Here the Mohawk empties by two mouths into the Hudson, embosoming a pleasant and apparently fertile delta.

At Waterford is a bridge, nobly built; supported by two great abutments, and three stone piers. The whole is covered by a firm and tight roof. This bridge is calculated for duration; for they allow no horse to trot upon it, under a severe penalty; and being wholly under cover, there is little dust and no rain. There are also walks elevated for foot passengers. It is eight hundred feet long, and cost fifty thousand dollars. But all gold has its dross. The protecting roof excludes the sky and the light; while the sides shut out the prospect, here pre-eminent-ly beautiful, as it embraces the Coos Falls. Upon the whole, though economical and strong, it is a gloomy bridge; and very much resembles a long empty barn.

There are an uncommon number of well filled stores and elegant hotels in the towns on this river. Every house where we stopped was superbly furnished.—Their best rooms with rich carpets, and elegant curtains, tables, chairs, and mahogany sideboards, loaded with silver candlesticks and urns.

We now rode near the Coos Falls, and walked to the bank of the river to view them.—The water was so low as to exhibit little grandeur though much beauty. The river runs here some

distance through solid rock. I viewed the beautiful scene, from a perpendicular height of one hundred feet, resting upon a cedar; and I can easily imagine, for I felt, a little of that giddy, swimming joy, which has sometimes overpowered the senses and proved fatal. Here, literally, was but a "STEP BETWEEN ME AND DEATH." We counted six distinct falls; all small indeed, from the unparelled shallowness of the river, but all exceedingly beautiful; for the sun's rays render the water transparent, while it gracefully falls over the shaggy rocks in curls of liquid glass.

We returned on the opposite side of the river where nature had planted grand oaks and nut trees for two or three miles; over which grape vines ran in the most luxuriant manner, seemingly wedded to their supporters.

We determined to "set our faces" homeward to-morrow, and I shall finish this last letter at—

Springfield, September 24.

We left Albany this morning at 2 of the clock; passed through Greenbush too early to see the garrison. We were a long time crossing the river, in our ferry-boat. It was rainy and dark too; One of our horses was restive; and our oar-men cross and profane. The suspense was unpleasant, and terra firma was welcomed.—Thanks to my native state, we know not the dangers of ferry-boats.

In passing through Sturbridge (Mass.) I was much gratified to find, that its marble furnished New York with the materials for its city-hall.—Thus New-York drew her proud fabric from the quarries of Massachusetts.

The burying-ground in Sturbridge is surpassed only by that at New-Haven. Most of its monuments are pure white marble, and are well sculptured.

It was here, I believe, while passing a narrow defile, rocky, dreary and solitary, where only a poor hut proclaimed any civilization, that I saw something, which reminded me of Sterne's "Maria." This "disordered maid" was not, however, sitting under a poplar tree, neither

had she a goat, nor pipe beside her. Her melancholy was not so refined. It was rustic, but perhaps not less deep. Neither was she the phantom of a pensive imagination, but the wretched maniac of reality. Poor girl! Dressed in a neat black gown, with a hat of straw and dark ribbon, she sate upon a rock, at a little distance from a tree, whose fruit was her food. Her back was towards us, and I watched with anxiety, hoping the noise of our carriage would wake her interest, and that I should see her face. But no: She was motionless and mute, "like patience on a monument;" and the stage quickly separated us forever. A little girl with us knew the unfortunate female, but not the cause of her lunacy. Interesting fellow creature! How unhappy thy lot! And how the mind dwells with a melancholy pleasure on poor maniacs. It is a pleasure, for we feel grateful their's is not our lot; and it is a very melancholy one; for the wreck of intellect can never be viewed without interest.

Part of our route to day was romantic; one road was by a river, and both were bounded by immense hills—the Gibraltar of Massachusetts. But these you have passed; and I need no more trouble you with an account of facts already stored in your memory, nor of scenery still fresh in your imagination.

Your dutiful Son, * * * *

ADVANTAGE OF A WITNESS.

Seneca says, "a great deal of wickedness would be prevented, if, as men are about to sin, one single witness were to stand by." It would, therefore, be a profitable exercise for a person tempted to do evil, to pause and consider, whether he would yield to the temptation, if the friend whom he of all others thinks the most worthy of his regard, were present: if then the eye of a fellow mortal would deter him, still more might the consideration, that all our actions are naked and bare, before that omnipresent Being, on whose favor depends our peace in time and in eternity.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

MAN.

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,

How complicate, how wonderful is Man!!
YOUNG.

Notwithstanding this subject has employed the pen of poets and philosophers of every age, still it remains unexhausted, and rich with themes for further metaphysical research, and philosophic dissertation.

Let us contemplate him as he is—a combination of matter and spirit, a body and soul, mysteriously united, and mutually depending; a mortal and immortal—a being intelligent, active, free, sensible of pleasure and pain, and susceptible of virtue and vice, commendation and censure. He is compounded of a rational and animal nature, and acts either the man or brute as he is governed by reason or blind passions. Under the dominion of the latter, he is impelled to scenes of gratification, which poison and corrupt the heart, and sink the dignity of his nature. He heedlessly enters the circle of pleasure, which, like the eddies of a whirlpool, at first, gently and pleasantly carries him around, but hurries him at length to the fatal vortex.

But in the rational exercise of his mental faculties, and the social and devout affections, he brings into subjection every unruly passion, and assimilates his own to angelic nature. And although he possesses some principles in common with the brutes, and is chained to this earth by animal ties, yet the superior excellence of his nature, exalts him above them in the scale of intelligence, and links him in connexion to an invisible world. The infinite perfectability or progressive nature of the mind, while it encourages to the noblest exertion, proclaims the immortality of man! It tells him he is formed for a nobler existence; and that the disappointments and anxieties of the present life are but moral lessons of improvement, to teach him the instability

& trans
and di
perfect
disting
first la
nature.
soars a
mouse, a
extensiv
comes a
his rank
his relati
He finds
and mor
between
still furth
gradation
animal, t
linked in
cy, and
latives an
author fr
vitating t

As the
mal, so d
al, and th
From thi
ness, he
which th
himself i
constituti
the natu
this cont
that the f
short of t
glory of h
inferred
he is plac
mirably
mental an

It is a
of discipli
fect existe

Man the
Design.
on laid.
fusion of t
of life, nec
animal na
pher's voi
God of Isr
mount, and

& transitoriness of all sublunary things, and direct his mind to the author of perfection and felicity. Reason is his distinguishing characteristic, it is the first law and governing principle of his nature. In the exercise of reason, he soars above this sordid tabernacle of sense, and expatiates unconfined, in the extensive fields of science. He becomes a speculator of himself, and views his rank in the scale of existence, and his relation to inferior & superior natures. He finds himself related to the physical and moral world, and a connecting link between them. Extending his views still further, and tracing the chain of gradation, he sees the vegetable, the animal, the intellectual and moral world, linked in connection and fit subserviency, and forming a golden chain of relatives and dependants, suspended by its author from heaven to earth, and gravitating to a glorious end.

As the vegetable subserves the animal, so does the animal, the intellectual, and the intellectual the moral world. From this appearance of order and fitness, he is led to contemplate the end which the author of nature proposed to himself in the grand contrivance and constitution of our world. And from the nature and uniform tendency of this contrivance, he rationally infers, that the final end and design is nothing short of the happiness of man, and the glory of his Maker. This may also be inferred from the very state in which he is placed; every part of which, is admirably adapted to his capacity, for mental and moral improvement.

It is a *Palæstra* of virtue, a school of discipline, preparatory to a more perfect existence and unsullied joys.

Man then, is the object of the *Grand Design*. For him was earth's foundation laid. For him it teems with a profusion of the conveniences and luxuries of life, necessary for the support of his animal nature; and for him the Prophet's voice was heard. For him the God of Israel thundered from Sinai's mount, and the Lord of life descended

from his seat in glory to proclaim the glad tidings of salvation and peace.

Heaven favored man! with gratitude and love,

Adore thy Maker, and thy Friend above;
Who placed thee here, with Angels for thy guide,

And bade thee o'er earth's wide domain preside.

Know hence thy rank, and thy probation prize,

Thou reignest here to ripen for the skies.

PHILECIUS.

AMERICAN HISTORY.

Extract from a discourse delivered the 4th September 1816, before "*The New York Historical Society*," by the late Hon GOUVERNEUR MORRIS, at his inauguration as President of the Society.

"PERMIT me, gentlemen, to offer my cordial congratulations to you, and thro' you, to our fellow citizens, that this institution is rapidly collecting and accumulating materials for a history of our own country. Materials which, establishing facts by indisputable authority, will enable the future historian accurately to deduce effects from the true cause, correctly to pourtray characters taken from real life, and justly assign to each his actual agency. Let us, humble as we are, and humble as we ought to be, comparing ourselves with the eastern hemisphere, let us proudly aver, that if, in modern history, the period when barbarous hordes broke the vast orb of Roman empire, be one great epoch, the discovery which immortalized Columbus, presents another not less worthy of attention. If that era, when Europe poured her crusading population on the southern shores of the Mediterranean sea, mark the lowest depression of human character, its greatest elevation will be found in the present age. Our struggle to defend and secure the rights of our fathers, tore away that veil which had long concealed the mysteries of government. Here, on this far western coast of the broad Atlantic ocean—here, by the

feeble hand of infant unconnected colonies, was raised a beacon, to rouse and to alarm a slumbering world. It awoke, and was convulsed. What tremendous scenes it has exhibited ! The history of our day is indeed a school for princes ; and, therefore, the proper school for American citizens. Exercising, by their delegates, the sovereign power, it is meet they know how to assert and how to preserve their freedom. Let them learn the mischief that follows in the train of folly. Let them learn the miseries that result from immorality. Let them learn the crush of impiety. Let them learn, also, for such, we trust, will be the final event, that when the altars of idolatrous lust had been overturned, and those of Jehovah restored ; when nations severely scourged had sincerely repented, they were favoured with as much civil liberty, and as much social enjoyment as consist with their absolute & relative condition. Permit me, also, to cherish a belief, that the partial distress and general inconvenience produced among us, by late events, will have a salutary influence on public manners. War, fruitful as it is of misery and woe, is nevertheless medicinal to a nation infected by the breath of foreign pollution, engrossed by the pursuit of illicit gain, immersed in the filth of immoral traffic, or unnerved by the excess of selfish enjoyment. It draws more close the bond of national sentiment, corrects degrading propensities, and invigorates the nobler feelings of our nature.

I add gentlemen, with the pleasure and the pride which swell our bosoms, that America has shown examples of heroic ardour not excelled by Rome in her brightest day of glory, and blended with milder virtues than Romans ever knew. These examples will be handed down by your care for the instruction and imitation of our children's children ; make them acquainted with their fathers ; and grant, Oh, God ! that a long and late posterity, enjoying freedom in the bosom of peace, may look with grateful exultation at the day-dawn of our empire."

" In the century succeeding Hudson's voyage, the great poets of England flourished, while we were compelled to earn our daily bread by our daily labor. The ground, therefore, was occupied before we had leisure to make our approach. The various chords of our mother tongue have long since been touched to all their tones by minstrels, beneath whose master-hand it has resounded every sound from the roar of thunder, rolling along the vault of Heaven, to the ' lascivious pleatings of a lute.' British genius and taste have already given to all ' the ideal forms that imagination can body forth,' a ' local habitation and a name.' Nothing then remains for the present age, but to repeat their just thoughts in their pure style. Those who, on either side of the Atlantic, are too proud to perform this plagiarist task, must convey false thoughts in the old classic diction, or clothe in frippery phrase the correct conceptions of their predecessors. Poetry is the splendid effect of genius moulding into language a barbarous dialect. When the great bards have written, the language is formed ; and by those who succeed, it is disfigured. The reason is evident. New authors would write something new when there is nothing new. All which they can do, therefore, is to fill new moulds with old metal, and exhibit novelty of expressions, since they cannot produce novelty of thought. But these novel expressions must vary from that elegance and force in which the power and harmony of language have been already displayed.

Let us not, then, attempt to marshal against each other infernal and celestial spirits, to describe the various seasons, to condense divine and moral truth in mellifluent verse, or to imitate, in our native speech, the melody of ancient song. Other paths remain to be trodden, other fields to be cultivated, other regions to be explored. The fertile earth is not yet wholly peopled. The raging ocean is not yet quite subdued. If the learned leisure of European wealth can gain applause or emolument for meting out, by syllables reluctantly

drawn together, unharmonious hexameters, far be it from us to rival the manufacture. Be it ours to boast that the first vessel successfully propelled by steam was launched on the bosom of Hudson's river. It was here that American genius, seizing the arm of European science, bent to the purpose of our favorite parent art, the wildest and most devouring element.

The patron—the inventor are no more. But the names of Livingston and of Fulton, dear to fame, shall be engraved on a monument sacred to the benefactors of mankind. There generations yet unborn shall read,

Godfrey taught seamen to interrogate
With steady gaze, tho' tempest tost, the
sun,
And from his beam true oracle obtain.
Franklin, dread thunderbolts with daring
hand,
Seized, and averted their destructive stroke
From the protected dwellings of mankind.
Fulton by flame compell'd the angry sea,
To vapor rarified, his bark to drive
In triumph proud thro' the loud sounding
surge.

This invention is spreading fast in the civilized world; and though excluded as yet from Russia, will, ere long, be extended to that vast empire. A bird hatched on the Hudson will soon people the floods of the Wolga, and cygnets descended from an American Swan, glide along the surface of the Caspian sea. Then the hoary genius of Asia, high throned on the peaks of Caucasus, his moist eye glistening while it glances over the ruins of Babylon, Persepolis, Jerusalem, and Palmyra, shall bow with grateful reverence to the inventive spirit of this western world.

Hail Columbia! child of science, parent of useful arts; dear country, hail! Be it thine to meliorate the condition of man. Too many thrones have been reared by arms, cemented by blood, and reduced again to dust by the sanguinary conflict of arms. Let mankind enjoy at last the consolatory spectacle of thy throne, built by industry on the basis of peace, and sheltered un-

der the wings of justice. May it be secured by a pious obedience to that divine will, which prescribes the moral orbit of empire with the same precision that his wisdom and power have displayed, in whirling millions of planets round millions of suns through the vastness of infinite space."

From the Boston Evening Gazette.

THE LADIES' FRIEND.

ALTHOUGH every state of life is full of danger, and exposed to difficulties peculiar to itself, there is one period of time the most perilous indeed—"If I were called upon," says a charming author, "to write the history of a woman's trials and sorrow, I would date from that moment when nature has pronounced her *marriageable*; and she feels that innocent desire of associating with the other sex which needs not a blush. If I had a girl of my own, at this critical age, I should be full of the keenest apprehensions for her safety; and like the great poet, when the tempter was bent on seducing our first parents from their innocence and happiness, I would invoke the assistance of some Guardian Angel, to conduct her through the snipery and dangerous path."

Marriage is, doubtless, the most natural, innocent and useful state, if you can form it to your tolerable advantage. It bids fairest for that little portion of happiness which this life admits; and it is in some degree a duty, which you owe the world. How defenceless is a *single* woman! She cannot move beyond the precincts of her own house, without apprehension. She cannot go with ease or safety into public. As she goes down the hill of life, her friends gradually drop away from her, like leaves in autumn, and leave her a pining, solitary creature.

Yet "they that enter into a state of marriage," says an old English writer, "cast a die of the greatest contingency, and yet of the greatest in the world, next to the last throw for eternity.—Life or death, felicity or lasting sorrow,

are in the power of marriage. Yet a woman ventures most, for she has no sanctuary to retire from a cruel husband. No! she must weep at home, and brood over her own sorrows. She may, indeed, complain to God; but in the causes of unkindness she has no other appeal. Now, therefore, summon to your aid, all that reading, observation, and advice of parents and friends, and your short-lived experience have power to bestow.—Pause, before you tie that Gordian knot which death alone can unloose; and before you decide on a measure of such incalculable importance, before that reason approves your conduct, and forget not to implore the direction of Heaven.

If a person comes to a serious declaration in your favour, affect no prudish airs of reserve. If you really feel an affection for him, and can indulge it with prudence, do not scruple to acknowledge it, or treat him with the greatest openness and candour. This will engage forever, the esteem of every liberal and honest man. If you cannot receive him as a lover, you will not fail to retain him as a friend. Suffer not your imagination to be dazzled by mere splendor. The glitter of wealth and equipage has induced many a poor girl to sacrifice her peace at the shrine of vanity; and her nightly pillow steeped in tears and regret, has soon told her that "better is a dinner of herbs where *love* is, than a stalled ox and *hatred* therewith." A good man alone is capable of true attachment, fidelity and affection. Others may feel a fugitive passion; but on this, alas! you can place no dependence. Look for a person of a *domestic* cast; of what consequence to you are even the good qualities of your husband, if he be rarely ever at home. It has often been asserted, that a reformed rake makes the best husband. It may be so, but I would not have you risk your peace on so dangerous an experiment.—Although not absolutely necessary, yet it is highly desirable that the man with whom you are to spend your days, should be a man of *sentiment* and *taste*. Those qualities will variegate

every hour with fresh pleasure, every scene with animated remarks, and incident with the liveliest interest.—Fortune surely should be considered, proportioned to your habits, education, and station in life —But if you find the other requisites, be as moderate as possible in this. A morsel thus sweetened will be pleasant to the taste. In a cottage so enlivened, joy will spring. The Almighty will look from Heaven with approbation, and crown the happy pair with the choicest blessings!

And now, my young friends, I commit you to the care of Him, who is the tender Father of all creatures. The world is before you, full of difficulty and danger. Pleasure will spread her thousand snares to deceive you—your passion will solicit for unbounded gratification, and even your own heart will prompt you to deceive yourself; but you are in the hands of the greatest of Beings; and whatever your lot may be, riches or poverty, health or sickness, the state of marriage or single life; fear not. Be virtuous, be cheerful, be contented. See that your part be right; strive to do your duty and leave the rest to Him.

VARIETY.

THE MOUNTAIN APPARITION.

The mountain apparition or spectre, as it is sometimes called; has frequently been the subject of terror and amusement in those places fitted by nature to produce this phenomenon. It is nothing more than the shadow of the spectator himself when descending a high mountain, which is projected upon a cloud before him, which is either a little more elevated or depressed than himself. The appearance is very common in the Alpine regions of Switzerland, in Wales and in the Highlands of Scotland, and doubtless has been the origin of many of those tales of supernatural appearances which the inhabitants of these countries narrate. Some writers have even attempted to explain the celebrated vision of Constantine's cross

in this manner They alledge that the whole was a trick performed by holding up a cross ; the shadow of which was thrown upon a cloud in the front of the Roman army.

BURNING SPRINGS.

About three quarters of a mile east of Portland, on Lake Erie, is a small stream, which, in the lapse of time, has worn an irregular trough, of ten or fifteen feet in depth, and of greater width, into a body of soft Argillaceous slate.—At the bottom of this trough in a situation of romantic scenery, about sixty rods from the lake, there are several apertures, from which continually issues an inflammable gas. The writer of this article lately visited this spot, at a time when there was but little water in the brook—He found one of the apertures covered with a flame eighteen inches high ; and by putting a blaze to three other apertures, the gas immediately caught and flashed like spirits of wine.—The heat is sufficient to make water boil. The stones placed about the spring found on fire were nearly red hot. At one of these apertures, a circular hole of about one quarter of an inch in diameter, a current of air like that from the nose of a bellows, was constantly emitted. A strong scent is perceived in approaching these gaseous springs, not unlike that which issues from a foaming pit coal.—*Alleghany Magazine.*

EXTRAORDINARY CIRCUMSTANCE.

A man about 106 years of age was lately living in Constantinople, who was known all over that city by the name of Solyman, the eater of corrosive sublimate. In the early part of his life, he accustomed himself, like other Turks, to the use of opium ; but not feeling the desired effect, he augmented his dose to a great quantity, without feeling any inconvenience, and at length took a drachm or sixty grains daily. He went into the shop of a Jew apothecary, to whom he was unknown, asked for a drachm of sublimate, which he mixed in a glass of water, and drank directly.

The apothecary was dreadfully alarmed, because he knew the consequence of being accused of poisoning a Turk : but what was his astonishment when he saw the same man return the next day for a dose of the same quantity.—It is said that Lord Elgin, Mr. Smith, and other Englishmen, knew this man, and have heard him declare, that his enjoyment after having taken this active poison, was the greatest he ever felt from any cause whatever.

A Sailor having a mind for a ride, and being unacquainted with a horse's *rigging*, (as he termed it) was very busy in harnessing his nag, when he happened to place the saddle the contrary way—A person near him, observed to him his mistake, when Jack, looking steadfastly at him, and giving his quid a twist or two in his mouth, said, " How do you know *which way* I am going to ride ? "

EARLY MARRIAGES.

That man who resolves to live without woman, and that woman who resolves to live without man, are enemies to the community in which they dwell ; injurious to themselves—destructive to the world—apostates from nature—rebels against heaven and earth.

The following *Hush* is from the Pantry of the Catskill Recorder.

In the last moments of Laurence Sterne, the only words he uttered were " Now it is come." He put up his hand, as if to stop the blow and died directly.

Mr. Colonne died of a complaint in the *chest*—a very natural death for a *Fanancier*.

A field-preacher, who had been a printer, observed in his natal harangue, that " Youth might be compared to a *comma*, Manhood to a *simicolon* ; Old Age to a *colon* : to which Death puts a *period*.

Seat of the Muses.

From the Providence Gazette.

—
LINES,

WRITTEN ON A BEAUTIFUL RURAL SPOT.

And I said "if there's peace to be found in
the world,
"The heart that was humble might hope
for it here."

MOORE.

Oh! sweet is the flower-scented breath of
the morn.

And lovely the blush of the first-beaming
ray:

And soft are the notes, on the light breezes
borne,

Of the coral, high swelling, that welcomes
the day.

But sweeter, far sweeter, that moment of
rest,

When the chariot of Hesperus mounts o'er
the hill,

When the last ling'ring day-beam has fled
from the west—

When nature is hush'd, and creation is
still.

Then far from the world and its follies re-
mov'd,

'Tis mournful, yet soothing to mem'ry to
cast

A thought to those scenes which our infancy
lov'd,

And to muse o'er the joys which forever
are past!

Sweet Eden of beauty! Oh, thrice were he
blest,

Whom fortune should place in tranquility
here,

Where no sigh of ambition would swell in
the breast,

Nor the sting of ingratitude waken the
tear:

If this sweet little spot all his wishes could
bound,

If humble contentment were thron'd in his
mind,

And fancy ne'er rov'd from those hills which
surround

This vale, to the world of affliction behind

Then calm were his life as the moon-beams
that sleep

On the breast of the wave as serenely it
flows;

And the eye, never taught by misfortune to
weep,

Sinks soft as the zephyr of eve to repose.

LOVE AND HOPE.

Does the prisoner, his home and his country
afar,

In the dream of a moment forget,
That hope, with the blaze of a sun-beaming
star,

May light him to liberty yet?

Ah no—though the storms of misfortune
may clash,

On his bare breast the waves of despair,
Some angel of pity shall ride on the flash,
And point to the cherub that's there.

When the plume of the warrior lies bloody
and torn,

And escapes from his breast the last sigh,
Does he not, tho' the victory be ne'er so
forlorn,

Still paint laurel'd hope in his eye?

Ah yes—tho' the lightning-seath's battle-
ment rocks,

And storm-clad's the demon of war,
His fore-driven fury but harmlessly mocks,
The angel that follows his car.

When the tempest's dark horrors had
shrouded a wreck,

Which the ocean surf fitfully bore,
Hope pointed to Love, as they watch'd on its
deck,

The blaze of a light-house on shore.

—
From the Port Folio.

EVENING.

'Tis sweet at evening to recline,
When all the cares of day are done;
And round the memory to entwine,
The wreath of thought the day has won:

'Tis then that o'er the virtuous mind,
Pure streams of pleasure gently flow,
Untouch'd by Passion's stormy wind,
Or heated Pride's meridian glow.

'Tis then the headstrong youth will rest
A moment, in his wild career—
And vice retiring from his breast,
Gives Virtue place a moment there.

And Cupid then who loves to stray,
Unseen about the flow'ry plains,
Will steel from busy haunts away,
To groves where gentle Silence reigns.

The evening spirits disordered fly,
Where'er he haply deigns to rest;
And Darkness lays her terrors by,
While gentle Love remains her guest.

But oh, if Love and Youth should meet,
By chance in fairy scenes like these,
Then will the hour be doubly sweet,
And pleasure float on every breeze.

The robes of night no longer seem,
To wear their wonted sable hue;
And all around becomes a dream,
That only love could fancy true!

ODE TO THE POPPY.

This ode, though ushered into the literary world by Mrs. Charlotte Smith, was not written by her, but by Mrs. O'Neil, an intimate friend of her's.—*Phil. Parterre.*

Not for the promise of the labour'd field,
Not for the good the yellow harvests yield,
I bend at Ceres' shrine;
For dull to humid eyes appear,
The golden glories of the year;
Alas!—a melancholy worship's mine!

I hail the goddess, for her scarlet flower!
Thou brilliant weed,
Thou dost so far exceed
The richest gifts gay Flora can bestow;
Heedless I passed thee, in life's morning
hour,
(Thou comforter of woe!)
Till sorrow taught me to confess thy
power.

In early days, when Fancy cheats,
A various wreath I wove,
Of laughing spring's luxuriant sweets,
To deck ungrateful Love:
The rose, or thorn, my numbers crown'd,
As Venus smil'd, or Venus frown'd;

But Love, and Joy, and all their train, are
flown;

E'en languid Hope, no more is mine,
And I will sing of thee alone;

Unless, perchance, the attributes of
grief,

The cypress bud, and willow leaf,
Their pale funereal foliage, blend with thine.

Hail, lovely blossom! thou can'st ease,
The wretched victims of disease;
Can'st close those weary eyes in gentle
sleep,

Which never open but to weep:

For, oh! thy potent charm,

Can agonizing pain disarm;

Expel imperious Memory from her seat,

And bid the throbbing heart forget to beat.

Soul soothing plant! that can such blessings
give,

By thee the mourner bears to live!

By thee the hopeless die!

Oh ever "friendly to despair,"

Might sorrows pall'd votary dare,

Without a crime, that remedy implore,

Which bids the spirit from its bondage fly,
I'd court thy palliative aid no more.

No more I'd see, that thou shouldst spread
Thy spell around my aching head,
But would conjure thee to impart,
Thy balsam for a broken heart;
And by thy soft lethean power,
(Inestimable flower)
Burst these terrestrial bonds, and other
regions try.—

ON SEEING A WOODBINE LEAF DROP IN AUTUMN.

EMBLEM of Autumn! smooth and fair;
How bright each glowing tint appears:
I saw thee quivering in the air,
Fit emblem of declining years.

And as I watch'd thy noiseless fall,
And saw thee drop as from on high:
Methought, thy fate awaited all;
For all like thee must fade and die.

I stoop'd and rais'd it from the dust,
And gaz'd with contemplative eye;
Great God! I cried thy laws are just:
But still frail nature forc'd a sigh.

My active fingers held the leaf,
And nimbly turn'd it o'er and o'er ;
The semblance fill'd my heart with grief,
For soon, they both would be no more.

This life is all a mystery,
A mixture strange of good and ill ;
And though blind mortals cannot see,
Omnipotence guides all things still.

Then every anxious thought be hush'd,
Though we like vegetation die ,
For when the body turns to dust,
The spirit soars to God on high.



For the New-York Weekly Museum.

CHARADE.

Warm Vernal suns befriend my grateful

first :

An early product of the genial spring.
My *next*, an active insect, loves the dust,
My *whole*—is often happier than a king.

CHARLES.

[A solution is requested.]

NEW-YORK,

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1817.

Intelligence.



ANNUAL REPORT OF INTERMENTS.

The City Inspector, on the 13th ult. presented to the Common Council the Annual Report of Interments in the city and county of New-York, commencing the 1st of January, 1816, and ending the 31st of December, 1816—showing the ages, sexes and diseases of the persons, from which the following extract is made.

1816.—Died, Men, 902 ; Women, 720 ; Boys, 603 ; Girls, 514—Total, 2739.

Ages, of whom were of the age of one year and under 522 : between one and two 178 ; 2 and 5, 218 ; 5 and 10, 107 ; 10 and 20, 136 ; 20 and 30, 326 ; 30 and 40, 405 ; 40 and 50, 325 ; 50

and 60, 176 ; 60 and 70, 147 ; 70 and 80, 90 ; 80 and 90, 42 ; 90 and 100, 7. —Total 2739.

The City Inspector respectfully reports to the Board, a statement of the deaths, in the city and county of New-York, for the year 1816.

The number of deaths were two thousand seven hundred and thirty-nine, being an excess of two hundred and thirty-two, over what took place in the preceding year. This increase in the deaths may be accounted for—from the increased population in the city—from the ravages of that pestilent epidemic the Small Pox, which carried off in 1816, eighty-five persons more than those which became its victims in 1815 ; and also, from returns of deaths being made at his office, by some sextons in distant parts of the Island during the last year who had neglected to perform this necessary part of their duty before that period. From these united considerations the City Inspector is of opinion, that the city has been generally as healthy as heretofore, with the exceptions of the first months of the past year, which were unusually mortal ; in January especially, ninety-eight persons died of the "Small Pox" alone, among whom was an aged woman of 97 years, a melancholy proof of the weakness of human nature, particularly in a city, where an institution exists, capable by vaccination, of averting the horrors of that loathsome and deadly disease, and thereby preserving so many valuable lives.

The City Inspector observes, that the number of Consumptive cases were six hundred and seventy eight, exceeding by sixty, that which took place in 1815 ; he is of opinion, that many cases were returned 'Consumptive' which should have been reported under other heads ; in children, particularly, worms are known to be fatal ; they pine under their influence, & are, from their changing symptoms frequently misunderstood ; and, therefore, returned inaccurately. In adults, also, many cases reported in like manner as 'Consump-

live,' in reality spring from irregularities, which the feelings of relations and friends induce to class in this general and sweeping complaint; thus covering their infirmities from the public observation, under the operation of very natural, and perhaps not unpraiseworthy motives.

GEO. CUMING, City Inspector.
New-York, Jan. 13th, 1817.

THE WEATHER.

"Winter don't rot in the sky" is an old proverb and likely to be verified this season; for although uncommon mild weather continued until about the 20th Jan. we are now, and have been during all this week, under as severe cold, as any experienced for many years past. On Monday and Tuesday a large cake of ice so blocked up the Brooklyn ferry navigation as to admit hundreds to pass and repass for some hours, to and from Long-Island.—The North River, from this city to Hoboken, in like manner has been crossed.

It is somewhat remarkable, that the comparative severity of the present season, commenced at the Southward, as a letter from St. Francisville, (West Florida,) dated Nov. 17, will evince. It says, that "on the night of the 11th, the ice formed on water in a barrel one inch in thickness—The sugar canes on the uplands are entirely destroyed, and I am seriously apprehensive for the crop on the coast, and in the Attapans."

The harbour of Boston is completely closed by ice. On Monday last several hundred persons walked down to the Roads, to see the United States' ship Independence, where she was frozen up, so that sentinels were stationed on the ice.

Augusta, (Geo.) Jan. 22.—On Sunday last, the coldest weather for 21 years past, was felt in this place. The thermometer stood 21 degrees below the freezing point—on Monday the

weather moderated considerably, and on Tuesday we enjoyed the genial temperature of Spring.

A stage driver, on the road to Pittsburg, on the 25th ult. fell dead, frozen to death, from his seat.

Fatal effects of intemperance.—On Friday night last, Peter Skellen, a native of Ireland, was found dead in the road a little above the village of Belleville.—A Coroner's jury was called, whose decision was, the deceased, being in an intoxicated state, perished by the severity of the cold. He has left a dependant wife, and four small children.

DAVID LONGWORTH, Bookseller,
No. 11 Park,

Has just published, (price 5s.) in his usual style of elegance and usefulness, a *Pocket Almanac and Register*, for the present year—worthy the patronage of the public.

NUPTIAL.

MARRIED.

By the rev. Dr. McLeod, Mr. Robert Bates, to Miss Margaret Pattison, daughter of Mr. William Pattison, all of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Maclay, James T. Johnston, esq. of Savannah, to Miss Jane Sandford, daughter of Mr. William Sandford, of this city.

OBITUARY.

The City Inspector reports the death of 49 persons during the week ending on the 1st inst.

DIED.

Capt. Adam Masterton, aged 39.

Mr. John Thurston.

Mrs. Phebe Hoffman, wife of Mr. Anthony N. Hoffman, aged 33.

Mr. John Meyer, aged 68.

Mrs. Margaret Burlock, wife of Mr. T. Burlock, aged 57.

Mrs. Margaret Carfrae, aged 92.

COMIC SKETCH.

Some men speak before they think; others tediously study every word they utter—Some men are mute from having nothing to say: some should be mute because they say nothing to the purpose.—Some men say nothing to their wives; and others would be extremely happy if their wives said nothing to them.

There are a set of persons who continually ransack the dictionary to puzzle their friends and pass for men of learning; by using obsolete words and technical terms, which they frequently misapply, to the exposure of themselves and the diversion of their hearers.

One of these word-grubbers was informed by a friend, that a certain gentleman had fallen from his horse, and received a severe *blow* in his *stomach*, which it was thought, would cause a gathering. This valuable piece of news he immediately carried to the barber's shop, with a very unnecessary alteration of language; for this dealer in hard words said, that the squire, in the fall, had received a *confusion* in his *abdominal* parts, and 'twas thought it would occasion an *abcess*.—Friend Razor was not long possessed of the learned information before a customer came to be shaved. The towel was scarcely tucked under his chin, and my friend Razor employed in beating up the lather, when the usual question of—what news? was asked. "News!" says Razor; "why aint you heard the story about the squire?"—"No," answered the other. "No!" said Razor in surprise; "why, he fell from his horse yesterday, and received such a *confusion* in his *abominable* parts, that 'tis thought 'twill occasion his *absence*."

CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENT.

Wanted, a middle aged Gentleman of liberal ideas, as assistant to a respectable family in a small retail business in the WAX TRADE. He must be competent to write French, German and Italian, with correctness, and to speak

the dead languages with ease and fluency; with some slight knowledge of music, mathematics and farriery, as a horse is kept; as his principal business will be to mind the shop, make the beds, wait upon the children, clean the boots, shoes, knives, & otherwise make himself generally useful, a moderate remuneration will not be objected to, after a few months trial; the most respectable references will be given and required. A small premium will be expected, as the party will be found every thing free of expence but board and lodging. As the family is of a serious turn, it is requested that none will apply but those of settled minds and of grave and sedate deportments. For further particulars apply at the Swan Inn—Waltham Green.

MORAL SENTIMENTS.

It often happens that in proportion as a man rises in reputation with the world, a secret consciousness of demerit, like a worm gnawing at the root, preys upon his mind; and on the other hand, that another whom the world condemns and casts out as evil, may secretly rejoice in the incomes of Divine love and goodness, for which, his afflictions prepare him.

A ductile metal loses in solidity what it gains by extension. That mode of expression which conveys our ideas of things in the fewest words, is the most perfect; even as the ground which, from the smallest space, produces the greatest quantity of the necessaries of life, is most profitable.

THE MUSEUM

Is published every Saturday, as usual at THREE DOLLARS per annum, or fifty-two numbers, by JAMES ORAM, No. 102 Water-Street, a little below the Coffee House, New-York. City Subscribers to pay *one half*, and country subscribers the *whole*, in advance; and it is a positive condition, that all letters and communications directed to the Editor, must be post-paid: